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A CHINESE DIGNITARY.

SUCH are the splendor and mock dignity assumed by the great men of China, a country in which external display appears to be still relied upon by the rulers

in a degree equal to any nation, ancient or modern. Many of the formalities observed by official personages, in their intercourse with our American embassy,

in the course of our late negotiations, seemed highly ridiculous; and no doubt some of our habits, both in public and in private life, must seem to them no less useless or unintelligible. The pompous and supernumerary formalities surrounding the Chinese court, and many minor functionaries, are, however, without a parallel with us, and show an extravagant regard for the influence of externals on the popular mind. Against the Emperor's state, another and more grave objection lies: for he, we are assured, is regarded with the reverence of a superior being, and actually receives the worship of his subjects.

While we endeavor to acquire correct information of the follies and crimes of other nations, we are however bound to enquire for such practices as may be worthy of imitation, as well as of approbation. When we look upon the governors of China, therefore, and apprehend the false principles and evil habits which too much prevail, we may recal with pleasure, but with self-reproach, the memorable fact, that many of them are men of great learning, and owe their offices to their superiority as scholars, and their devotion to the doctrines of true virtue, as they understand them. At the present age of American politics, how is our system of office-seeking and party-spirit thrown into the shade, by the contrast we find in the history of Chinese officers, civil, judicial and military!

"Fas est ab hoste doceri."

If "it is lawful to be taught by an enemy," certainly it is highly proper to draw salutary lessons from the example of friends; and the Chinese are now connected with us by amicable and commercial relations.

"Chinese historians," remarks Mr. Gutzlaff, "divide the whole period of their history, according to the dynasties which successively sat upon the throne"; and these he gives us in a table, with the

corresponding dates of the Christian era. Briefly they are as follows:—

1. Mythological Period, of uncertain duration.
2. Ancient History, from the Hea dynasty to that of Han; 2,207 before the Christian era to 263 after it.
3. Middle Ages, from A. D. 264 to 1367.
4. Modern History, since the last date.

According to the Chinese writers, the cosmogony, or creation of the world, was the work of chance, or the effect of mere attributes—and the whole is on the common level of all uninspired accounts. Their books abound in many absurdities and falsehoods in science and religion: yet there are certain leading principles of truth and morality, which are strongly inculcated, and which must produce a great and favorable effect upon the nation, through their men of education.

The following passages, which we select from Governor Davis's work on China, show what habits and views are impressed upon those who receive a course of education.

Dr. Morrison has given a curious account, from original sources, of the rules which govern native scholars in the prosecution of their studies. The first thing needful is "to form a resolution," and this resolution is valuable in proportion as it is firm and persevering. It is received as a maxim, that "the object on which a determined resolution rests *must* succeed." The student is directed to keep by him a commonplace book, and daily to record in it what he reads; then at intervals of ten or twenty days to recapitulate and con over what he has before learned; "thus the lover of learning daily acquires new ideas, and does not lose those he already possesses." The scholar who does not rouse all his energies is told to consider how he is to get through his task, when locked up with nothing but pencils, ink, and paper, at the public examination. "Should a theme be there given him which we cannot manage, let him reflect what his distress will be."

When a man is reading a particular section of a work, he is directed, in this treatise *on the conduct of the understanding*, to give up his whole mind to that alone,

and on no account to let it be diverted for the time by any other subject. "A caldron of water, for example, after fire has been long applied to it, will at last boil; but if in the mean while you change the water and put on fresh, though a great deal of water will be partially heated, none will be made boiling hot.

In study, a main point is to get rid of, extraneous thoughts, and matters foreign to the object before one. The illustration of this subject of feeding the intellect is taken from the feeding of the body. "If a man's stomach," they say, "is filled with coarse and ordinary food, he can swallow nothing more, though the most precious dainties be placed before him. In reading, the same is true of the mixed and vulgar thoughts of everyday life which occupy and fill up the mind." Another important point is the ready *application* of acquired knowledge. A certain class of men, though they have read a great many books, are incapable of transferring and using the stores they have laid up. "There is one convenient rule (it is added) for a man who has many worldly affairs to attend to: it is to make a good selection of a volume of ancient literature, and another of modern composition, and to place them on his table. When a little leisure is gained, let him study them.

"Studies ought to commence (it is observed) during the fifth watch, (before five in the morning,) for these early hours are many times more advantageous than the subsequent forenoon and later portions of the day. The *attention* should be as intensely exerted as that of a general at the head of his army, or a criminal judge in a court.

"When approaching the time of public examination, a student should particularly shun an eagerness to read much, for, if not before done, it is then too late. Let the duly prepared scholar select twenty or thirty sections of the best composition, and con it over till he relish its beauties and feel its spirit; he will surely derive strength from this at the period of trial." The treatise goes on to comment on the folly of collecting books instead of reading them. "There are many men (it is observed) who store up at home 10,000 volumes, and never read ten works out of them; they merely buy the books, and place them in cases as playthings to look at. They have

newly-bound books, which no hand has opened, nor eye looked over. Such people are below the poor starved scholar, who takes a few copper coins, and buys a book which he carries home, but never puts out of his hand until it is entirely his own."

"One of the most remarkable national peculiarities of the Chinese," observes Sir George Staunton, "is their extraordinary addiction to letters, the general prevalence of literary habits among the middling and higher orders, and the very honorable pre-eminence which from the most remote period has been universally conceded to that class which is exclusively devoted to literary pursuits. . .

. . . Since the memorable era of Confucius, the Chinese empire has been repeatedly dismembered, and again restored to its integrity; its sceptre has passed through the hands of many families or dynasties; it has been a prey to many intestine divisions and revolutions, and it has been twice subdued by a foreign foe; but the reverence of the government and people for the name and institutions of Confucius has survived every change. . . . Even now, under the sway of that comparatively illiterate and warlike race which conquered the empire in the middle of the seventeenth century, and still holds it in subjection, several individuals, recognized as the actual heirs and representatives of the sage, are decorated with honorary distinctions, and maintained in a state of respectable independence at the public charge. Schools and colleges for the instruction of the people in his doctrines continue to flourish in every part of the empire: a competent acquaintance with his writings continues to be an indispensable qualification for civil office.

"Under the influence of such institutions, it is by no means surprising that the proportion of the community exclusively devoted to letters should be much greater in China than it is in any other country on the surface of the globe. It is so great as to constitute of itself a distinct class in the state. It is the first and most honorable of the four classes into which the body of the people is considered as divisible according to the Chinese political system; namely, the literary, the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the mercantile.

Manners, Traditions, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders

[Continued]

Temperance societies have been established, the effect of which has been to diminish the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to cause some of our conscientious spirit-dealers to shut shop, and abandon the traffic altogether, from an honest conviction of its impropriety. Our roads are miserable. We have no regular highways or turnpikes, and, fortunately, no highwaymen. In many parishes there is not even a foot path nor a sheep-track. There are no public conveyances, no carriages, no carts, no railroads, no bridges, no canals, nor harbors, but only some open roadsteads, or winding creeks, called *voes*, which deeply indent all the larger islands, and afford great facilities for internal communication, were the inhabitants provided with the means. There are a few parishes—Tingwall, for example—where tolerable roads for *summer* are made; but you may judge of their quality for mail or for stage-coach purposes, when you learn that during winter they are so broken up, people cannot go to church on foot without wading knee deep in mud. In like manner, some of the *voes*, as that of Hillswick, afford safe anchorage for vessels, being sheltered from every wind, and of sufficient capacity to contain the whole navy of Britain. The spade is almost the only implement used in husbandry. A plough is a rarer sight here than the constellation of that name. The laird and the minister may have one or two, drawn sometimes by a pair of oxen, sometimes by a quartette of ponies. The harrow is even more primitive in its structure and operation than the plough. It consists merely of two parallel bits of wood, about three feet long, with from eight to ten circular teeth in each piece, the whole frame-work being connected at the ends by a cross-bar.

In using them, the employment of animal labor is dispensed with, for they are drawn by a man, often by a woman, harnessed to them by a rope tied to each end of the parallel bars. Sometimes the land is too rough for a wooden harrow; instead of which, after the ground is delved and sown, a person takes a besom of heather, and sweeps mould, seed, and manure over head. This substitution of the human being for the brute is degra-

ding enough, but it is not so looked upon by us.

Corn, peats, or other articles, are transported on the human back, in *casies* or *cubbies*—a sort of rude basket made of straw. Occasionally the pony is employed in carrying, and then the *creels* of heather baskets are used, which are balanced one on each side, by means of the *clibber* and *mazy*.

We have cheap land, cheap rents, cheap beef, cheap mutton, cheap bread, cheap poultry, cheap fish, cheap every thing. What would an English or a Lothian farmer say to getting a whole island to himself at the rate of eight shillings the statute acre, with plenty of women to labor it, at wages of sixpence a-day! Nay, in some of the islands this rent would be deemed extravagantly high, 1200 per cent. too dear! In Yell, for instance, an estate of 73,000 acres, nearly one-half in pasture, the rest arable and inclosed grass land, only produces an average rent of scarcely *eight-pence* per acre! True it is, our soil is none of the best, partaking more or less of the quality of moss, mixed with clay or particles of the decayed rock on which it rests. The atmosphere, too, especially in winter, is uniformly moist, but temperate beyond what will be credited by those accustomed to the cold prevalent at that season in the interior of the three kingdoms. Snow rarely lies above a day or two at a time; although we have occasionally snow-storms of two, or nearly three months' duration. A few years ago the clergyman of Yell noted the following in his memorandum-book on the 24th of December:—"This day the turnips are as green as they were at Michaelmas; the rye grass among bear-stubble measures from eight to ten inches of green blade; and among the last year's rye-grass the daisy is every where seen in bloom." Last Christmas, such was the mildness of the temperature, we could boast of our young gooseberries, and winter blossoms, as well as our more southerly neighbors. And then there are certain troublesome vermin, abundant enough in more favored climates, from which we are exempt. There are some of our islands to which neither the mouse nor the rat has yet found its way. It is not many years since justices of the peace were as rare as mice or moor-fowl: for except the sheriff-substitute, there was not a magis-

trate of any kind in Shetland. "The untravelled natives of Unst had never seen either frogs or toads, and indeed had no idea of the appearance or nature of these animals!" Our domestic cattle are abundant, but their diminutive size and price would astonish the dealers in Smithfield market. A good fatted cow ready for slaughter weighs from one-and-a-half to two and a-half hundred weight. Beef is reckoned extravagantly high if it exceed three-halfpence or two-pence the pound. A whole calf may be purchased for eighteenpence; and if the skin is resold it brings a shilling, leaving only sixpence as the price of the carcass. A ewe fit for the butcher will sell for four or five shillings, and a male lamb for about a third part of the sum. The native race of sheep are small sized, and scarcely weigh more than twenty or twenty-four pounds of mutton, carrying a fleece of from one to one-and-a-half pounds of wool. They have small tails. In some parishes their number is very great, and they form a sort of common property, or at least, the proprietor cannot always distinguish his own.

Having said a few words about cows, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass over the dairy and its management, which are always important matters in a Shetlander's household economy, and have even been sung in poetry and regulated by ancient laws. In the article of milk we have nothing to complain of; it is good in quality and yielded in greater quantity than could be expected from the size of the cow, which, when put on good feeding, will give thirteen or fourteen quarts per day, being more than Burns' "dawtet twal pint hawkie" gave in the rich pastures of Ayrshire. It is in the proper management of the milk that we fail; and here our want of cleanliness, especially in the olden time, not only compelled the interference of the magistrate, but afforded a theme for the sarcastic wit of the traveller and the poet. In the parish of Sandsting the excellent and respected minister states that those farmers who keep four or more cows churn once every day in summer; but the quantity of butter is not in proportion to the frequent churning, for the cream is never properly gathered. An old but abominable fashion prevails, greatly injurious to the reputations of our housewives, for when the operation of churning is advanced to a certain stage

a *heated stone* is dipped into the churn, and by this means the labor is shortened and an addition is made to the quantity, though not to the quality of the butter. Part of the curd thus becomes incorporated with the butter, which presents a white and yellow spotted appearance, resembling mottled soap or the grease-butter of Sir Robert Peel's tariff, with which the House of Commons was made so merry by the premier during the great corn-law debate. It must be confessed that by a very few is attention paid to the dairy, so that one of the ancient local acts would still require to be enforced, which ordains, "That no butter be rendered for payment of land-rent, or for sale, but such as is clear from *hairs, and claud and other dirt*." It is the custom for landlords to have part of their rents made payable in butter; and probably this regulation, added to the want of proper milk-houses and due attention to the milk-vessels, may help to account for the sad neglect of cleanliness in this department. Very little butter is sold; and no wonder, seeing our peculiar style of manufacture is no recommendation to the foreign market. The butter-milk is called *bleddick*, and into this is poured a quantity of boiling water, by which means the curd is separated from the *whey* or serum. The former is named *kirn*, and eaten with sweet milk; the latter is called *bland*, and used as drink instead of small-beer. It will keep for several months, when it acquires a strong acidity. The stigma of untidiness in regard to the dairy attached in former times to the Orcadians as well as to us, although our neighbors have now completely wiped it off (and why should not we?) for their butter is the finest that can be eaten, and commands a high price wherever it is known.

Our principal articles of food are oats, bear (*or big*), and potatoes. Wheat has been attempted, but does not succeed; turnips, carrots, cabbages, and other esculents, are not cultivated to any extent in the open fields, although they thrive well enough in the gardens.

In raising the potato-crop, a different mode of culture is adopted here from that which prevails in other parts of the kingdom; and, as we wholly escaped the mysterious rot of last year, probably we may owe this fortunate exemption to our peculiar manner of husbandry.

A WOLF CHASE.

During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this northern state, frozen by intense cold, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime.—Often would I bind on my rusty skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed on toward the parent ocean, and feel my pulse beat with the joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions, that I met with an adventure, which event at this period of my life, I review with wonder and astonishment. I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The evening was fine and clear. The new moon peered from her lofty seat, and cast her rays on the frosty pines that skirted the shore, until they seemed the realization of a fairy scene. All nature lay in a quiet which she sometimes chooses to assume; water, earth, and air seemed to have sunk in repose. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when coming to a little stream which emptied into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway, radiant with frost-work. All was dark within, but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest that reared itself to the borders of the stream, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally a night bird would flap his wings from some tall oak.

The mighty lords of the forest stood as if naught but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian hunter had concealed himself behind these very trees, how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this stream, and how oft his wild hillo had rung for his victory. I watched the owls as they flitted by, until I almost fancied myself one of them and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

Suddenly a sound arose. It seemed from the very ice beneath my feet: loud

and tremulous at first until ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal, so fierce and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which it entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted through it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred rods distant, and the swallow could hardly excel my desperate flight; yet as I turned my head to the shore I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush, at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded grey wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness and untiring strength, which seem a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

"With their long gallop which can tire the deer hound's haste, or the hunter's fire,"

They pursue their prey, and nought but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the rapidity of lightning, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was still the fugitive.

I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, or their tears if they never should see me: and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety.—Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing.

Every nerve and muscle of my frame was stretched to its utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going on far ahead, their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me their eyes glared and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them, viz: by turning aside whenever they came too near: for they by the formation of their feet are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan.—The wolves, having regained their feet sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and slipping upon their haunches, they sailed on, presenting a perfect picture of baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment getting more excited and baffled, until coming opposite the house, a couple of sag hounds, roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then taking off my skates,

I wended my way to the house, with feelings better to be imagined than described.—*Lacon Gazette.*

Taking the Honey without Destroying the Bees.

THE common practice of killing bees, in order to obtain the honey, few can witness without some little compunction; and there is a very simple method of effecting the object without any injury to this most interesting little animal, (which, on the score of interest, as humanity, claims regard). I beg leave to communicate it through your paper, should you deem it worthy a place in it.

At evening, when the bees have retired, take the hive gently from the stand; spread a table cloth on the ground; set the hive on it, placing something under to raise it three or four inches; then draw up the corners of the cloth, and fasten them tight around the middle of the hive, leaving it so loose below that the bees will have sufficient room between it and the hive—then raise the lid of the hive a little, and blow in the smoke from a segar; a few puffs of which, as it is very disagreeable, will drive them down; continue raising the lid gradually, blowing all around, and in a few minutes it will be found that they have gone out of the hive. You may then take off the lid and cut away as much honey as you think proper. If the operation be performed in the beginning of July, you may take nearly all, as there will be time enough to provide a sufficiency for their support during the winter. As soon as you have taken the honey, put on the lid, loosen the cloth, and spread it out, and in an hour or two the bees will have returned to the hive. It may then be replaced on the stand, and on the following day they will be found at work as usual.

This method is very simple, and preferable to that sometimes practised, of driving the bees into another hive, as you get all the honey, and moreover the new comb, which is still empty, and the young bees, not yet out of their cells, are preserved. There is also danger in driving, of their not liking their new habitation, and, in that case, of their sallying out and making war upon their neighbors.

The above method has frequently been practised by myself and others, and we have always found it to do well.—*Genesee Farmer*



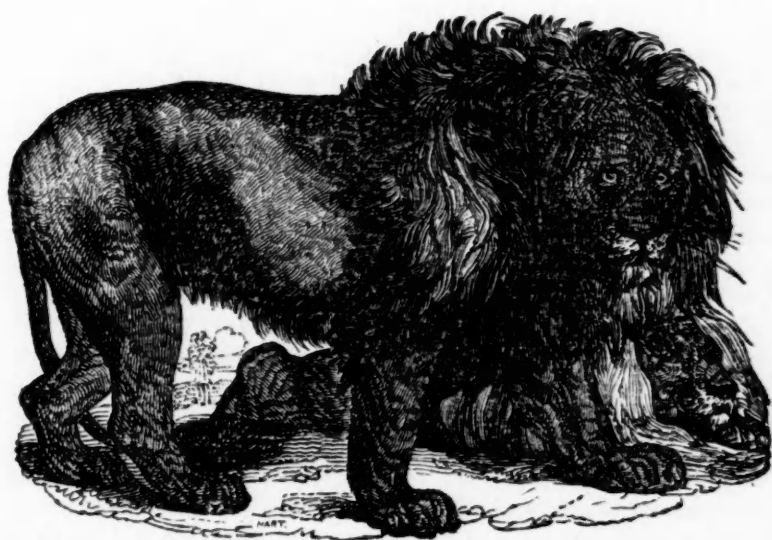
A LADY ON HORSEBACK.

If the pleasures and advantages of this mode of travelling were as well known in all parts of our country, as in Virginia and England, we are confident we should find our roads enlivened by cheerful parties, enjoying the fine air and scenery of our picturesque regions, and deriving from their journeys the legitimate benefits which vigorous exercise can confer. The luxurious steamboats and railcars, in which we slide from city to city, deny us almost all the enjoyments and invigorating movements which we should seek for, when we leave our homes for health, relaxation and intellectual improvement. They rather confirm us in those habits of indolence and listlessness, which in many of us are fostered at home.

The more the two kinds of exercise are compared, the better will a judicious person be able to judge of their comparative value: but, after all, there will remain the

grand test, a fair trial of a journey on horseback. If begun by short rides, and persevered in the effects on the body and mind will prove more advantageous than most of our readers can easily imagine.

We have tried it, and recommend it to every person who has a taste for rural scenery, for a leisurely examination of objects on his route, for uninterrupted intercourse with fellow-travellers, and the inhabitants of the country he passes through, for liberty to choose his own hours for moving and resting, for relief from crowds of frivolous strangers; as well as to invalids, who desire to apply nature's medicines to any of the maladies of the body; and to those who love to meditate among the beautiful and the sublime works of the Creator. We believe that such a journey would revolutionize the sensations and the feelings of many a person now suffering from ill health and depression of spirits.



THE AFRICAN LION.

THIS terrible beast offers us a truly impressive specimen of power and ferocity. Although in some respects inferior to others, particularly in size and agility, his activity is great and his strength tremendous. He has been entitled the king of beasts, partly because of the instinctive fear with which he has been said to inspire all other animals, and partly for the superior dignity of his aspect—the male when full grown wearing a half-human expression of countenance, well set off by the shaggy locks by which it is shaded, and the flowing mane that gives an apparent increase of dimensions.

Many stories are told in ancient and modern books, illustrating the nature and habits of the lion: but the intimate acquaintance acquired of late years from personal observations and inquiries of intelligent men, has corrected some of the erroneous conceptions heretofore current, especially respecting the reported generosity and nobleness of its character. We are now assured by different writers, that the lion possesses the same stealthy, treacherous, cruel and cowardly disposition which is found in other animals of the cat genus. Like them he loves to approach his prey under cover—to spring

from a hiding place—to take every possible advantage of superior strength, when his victim is unprepared or feeble, to play with it when in his power, with tormenting tricks; but is not ashamed to turn and shrink away from a show of force, especially when not emboldened by hunger.

Few readers, perhaps, have adequate ideas of the great number of lions in existence. Not to speak of those which are still somewhat numerous in some parts of India &c., in Southern Africa, they abound to such a degree, that travellers and natives are often exposed to danger. The enterprising Scotchman who brought the first pair of camelpards to this country a few years ago, informed us, among other incidents which he related respecting the Great Kallihari Deserts, that he sometimes met more than twenty lions in a day, most of them in pairs. When the pastures are destroyed by the periodical droughts, innumerable antelopes migrate to other regions, and then are pursued by large herds of lions, which the traveller must avoid as he values his life. Minor beasts of prey succeed, to feed on the remains of carcasses, and flights of vultures bring up the rear.

Railroad to the Pacific.

The route proposed by Mr. Whitney for his railroad, proceeds from Lake Michigan across the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin, thence across the Missouri above the mouth of the Great Platte, between the Council Bluffs and the Great Bend, a little below lat. 3, 4, and thence to the Great South Pass, about lat. 42, 30, and thence along the valley of Lewis river, which is the southern main branch of the Columbia, to the head of ship navigation upon the latter, or to the bay of St. Francisco, as may hereafter be decided. Taking the Great South Pass as a point of departure eastward and westward, our first object is to ascertain the respective distances and elevations. According to Col. Fremont, quoted in the report of Senator Breese, the elevation of the highest point in this Pass, above the Gulf of Mexico, is 7,490 feet. Col. Fremont who explored the valley of the Great Platte, from its mouth to this Pass, in 1842, describes it as an open Prairie region, with an ascent almost or quite imperceptible by the traveller. He was accompanied by a Mr. Carson, who had resided in that region for 17 years, who had frequently crossed the Pass, and was thoroughly acquainted with the route. Yet with all his experience, he was obliged to watch very closely, to ascertain when he had reached the culminating point of the Pass through the Rocky Mountains. The distance of the Great Pass to the mouth of the Kansas, is 963 miles, and from the Mouth of the Platte 882, the latter being about 300 miles higher on the Missouri than the former; and as the Kansas is 700 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and that of the Platte a trifle more, the average ascent from either point to the Pass, is only about seven feet to the mile. And as the distance from Lake Michigan to the Pass is 1,400 miles, and that between the Lake and the mouth of the Kansas or Platte, a level country, the average ascent from the Lake to the Pass does not exceed four and a half feet to the mile. According to Col. Fremont, the mouth of the Kansas is 700 feet above the Gulf; the crossing of the Republican Fork, 516 miles farther, is 2,300 feet, giving an ascent of four and two-thirds feet to the mile; the ascent of the next 128 miles is 1,000 feet, or about eight to the mile; that of the next 107 miles, to St. Vrain's Fort, is 1,000 feet, or nine to the mile; that of the next 80 is 1,300

feet, or sixteen to the mile; that of the next 18 miles is 800 feet, or about forty-two to the mile; that of the next 87 miles is 200 feet, or two and a quarter to the mile.

The distance from the Great Pass to the Mouth of the Columbia, by the common travelling route is 1,400 miles, and to the head of its ship navigation about 1,230; and as the elevation of the Pass is 7,490 feet, the descent from this point to ship navigation, gives an average of about six feet to the mile. From the Pass to a distance of 311 miles, the descent is 1,490 feet, or less than five to the mile. For 234 miles more, the route is level. For 450 miles more, the surface is irregular, and the next 178 miles end at an elevation of 3,000 feet; the descent from 6,000 to 3,000 feet, over a distance of 718 miles, giving an average of less than three feet, though that of the last 178 miles is seventeen feet to the mile. From this point to the foot of the Blue mountains, 282 miles, the elevations and depressions give an average of ten and a half feet to the mile; and the remaining distance to Vancouver, the head of ship navigation, 303 miles, gives an average of three and a half feet. All these elevations were taken by Col. Fremont, over the route usually travelled, though the committee suggest that future explorations will discover routes of less distances and ascents.

These facts show that in a distance of 2,630 miles, from Lake Michigan to Fort Vancouver, the elevation of the Great South Pass, 7,390 feet, and the intermediate points, present no obstacles to a railroad.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE DRUMMOND LIGHT

Since the commencement of the present century, through the rapid extension of the science of chemistry, vast improvements have taken place in the methods employed for artificial illumination. Thus, the general introduction of gas-lights in most of our larger cities, has furnished a light for streets and dwellings much superior to that previously obtained from oil or candles. The Argand Lamp has been introduced, and with the aid of parabolic reflectors, has been successfully applied to Light-House illumination. The Bude, Drummond and French lights, with many others, have been given to the world, and have respectfully won for themselves a large share of public favor. Of these, the one

known, from its inventor, as the "Drummond Light," probably ranks the first.

In 1724, Lieut. Drummond, then engaged in a governmental survey of Ireland, in which it was frequently desirable to take the respective bearings of points, some 70 or 80 miles distant, felt the want of a light for communicating such information, that could be visible a greater distance than any yet known. The firing of rockets and similar means, that were usually resorted to, could only be employed to advantage, where the stations were not widely separated, and when the atmosphere was quite clear from any haze, which was seldom the case. It had for a long time been known that lime, with some of the other earths, became very luminous when exposed to an intense heat—such, for instance, as that obtained by combining a jet of oxygen gas with the flame of spirits of wine; but the happy idea of rendering this property of the earths subservient to practical purposes, was reserved for Lieut. Drummond. After a series of experiments, he found that by throwing the united flame of spirits of wine and oxygen gas upon a ball of lime, only three-eighths of an inch in diameter, a light was obtained of such brilliancy as to be fully equal to that emitted from thirteen Argand burners; almost too intense for the eye to bear.

Of later years, it has undergone a slight modification, hydrogen gas having been substituted for the spirits of wine, as being less expensive, and perhaps otherwise preferable. The apparatus is very simple; it consists of two gasometers, in which the respective gases are generated; from thence proceed two tubes, which unite near the ball, so as to form, there, but one. The gas is conveyed by these tubes to the ball of lime, and there ignited; and, with the ball, is connected an arrangement for replenishing the balls as fast as consumed; if desirable, a parabolic reflector is added, thus rendering it complete. This light was found to answer admirably the purpose for which it was designed,—for signals, to be given at great distances. In several trials made with it to test its powers, it was distinctly seen as a clear, white, vivid light, at a distance exceeding 70 miles; thus placing its claim to superiority over all others, beyond dispute.—*Scientific American*.

DISAPPOINTED CUPIDITY.—Dr. Tschudi, in his travels in Peru, relates the following anecdote:—

The Salcedo mine, in the province of Puno, is celebrated for the tragical end of its discoverer. Don Jose Salcedo, a poor Spaniard, was in love with an Indian girl, whose mother promised to show him a silver vein of uncommon richness if he would marry her daughter. He did so, and worked the vein with great success. After a time, the fame of his wealth roused the envy of the Conde de Lemos, then viceroy of Peru. By his generosity and benevolence, Salcedo had made himself very popular with the Indians, and this served the viceroy as a pretext to accuse him of high treason, on the ground of his stirring up the population against the Spanish government. Salcedo was imprisoned and sentenced to death. While in his dungeon he besought Count Lemos to send the papers belonging to his trial to the supreme tribunal at Madrid, and to allow him to make an appeal to the king's mercy.

If this request were granted, he promised to pay a daily tribute of a bar of silver, from the time of the ship's sailing from Callao to that of its return. In those days the voyage from Callao to Spain and back occupied from twelve to sixteen months. This may give an idea of the wealth of Salcedo and his mine. The viceroy refused the condition, hung Salcedo (in May, 1669,) and set out for the mines. But his injustice and cruelty were doomed to disappointment. While Salcedo prepared for death, his mother-in-law and her friends and relations betook themselves to the mine, destroyed the works, filled it with water, and closed the entrance so skilfully that it was impossible to discover it. They then dispersed in various directions, and neither promises nor tortures could induce those who were afterwards captured to reveal the position of the mine. To this day it remains undiscovered.

Mr. Perpigna, a member of the Spanish Cortes, whilst travelling in a diligence in the North of Spain, was taken prisoner by the Bandits and put to ransom. The amount fixed, 60,000 francs, being not forthcoming on the day appointed, the body of the unfortunate gentleman was found murdered, with atrocities too horrible to mention.



THE FAMILY SCHOOL.

The slate, as we have before had occasion to remark, is a most important part of the furniture of a family school, as it should be of every other. Writing may be performed upon it without the inconvenience and exposure attending the use of ink, while it is much cheaper; and the young pupil has not to encounter the unreasonable complication of obstacles presented by paper and pens. Blots are out of the question, as well as the spattering and spreading of ink, the varying hardness of pens, and the evils arising from thick and thin ink, fibres, dust, &c. &c. A pencil will make a good, uniform mark; and that is all that is necessary in first forming letters. Success will reward the pupil's well-meant exertions, and encourage him to future trials.

Some of the best exercises at the opening of school are in grammar, on the following plan. It will be seen, however, that writing and spelling are also to be practised at the same time.

Let the child, every day at a particular hour, write in a column five names of things on his table, or articles of food or dress, trees, flowers, fruits, countries, mountains, &c. The number of words required may soon be doubled. Then in parallel column words may be added, expressing their color, shape, size, &c., over which column should be written "adjectives;" "nouns," being written over the former. By degrees verbs and other parts of speech may be added, until five

or more sentences are composed daily instead of single words.

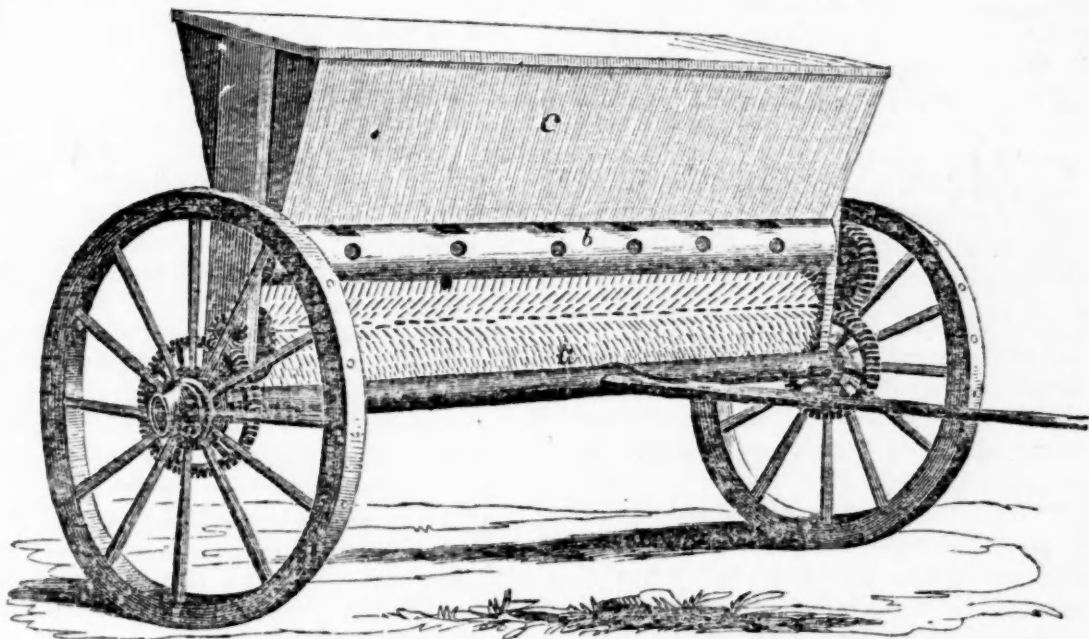
We need not extend remarks on this subject. We have tried the plan with great success; and others will invent numerous variations and additions, as they proceed, which will render the practice interesting and useful month after month.

Mexico.—General Santa Anna has returned to Vera Cruz, at the invitation of some of the people, who have rebelled against President Paredes, and imprisoned him. The reception of Santa Anna, however, was not enthusiastic; and it is uncertain what will be the effect of his return upon the war, which appears to be continued without any definite motive or object by our government, except for the want of a respectable excuse for bringing it to a close.

Our army have commenced their march into the interior; but they have a long, difficult and desolate region before them. The Mexicans have shown both patriotism and humanity, and deserve better treatment from us.

Mr. King, our Missionary in Greece, was condemned by the court of Areopagus, a short time since, for publishing certain extracts from the Greek fathers against the worship of the Virgin Mary, and was to have another trial at Syra. We learn that the Board of Missions have received information, that the trial was deferred at Syra, in consequence of the popular excitement against Mr. King. A band of men had been formed, to destroy his life; and his counsel objected to his landing on the island. The court itself concurred in the propriety and necessity of a postponement on the same ground.

It is said that the case has excited general attention, and that the results may be highly beneficial on the religion of Greece.



SEED-SOWING MACHINE.

We continue occasionally to present our readers with drawings and descriptions of some of the most valuable agricultural implements, in the state to which they have been brought by the latest improvements. To a person who pays sufficient attention to the objects of the ingenious inventors, and the success with which they have surmounted difficulties heretofore deemed unconquerable, and submitted to by thousands of patient, self-deying laborers, these portions of our weekly numbers cannot fail to prove interesting. The following description of the machine depicted above, we copy from that valuable work, the American Agriculturist.

This machine is mounted on two wheels, the axle-tree of which carries two standards, supporting a long hopper, marked *c*, in the above figure. One wheel carries a gear-wheel, which works into another gear wheel, inserted on a shaft set in the standards, and connected with a long cylinder, *b*, directly below the hopper, *c*. This cylinder has a number of cups formed by holes bored about 1 1-2 inches deep, which depth is regulated by large-headed brass screws, with heads about the size of the calibre or bore of the cups. In the bottom of the hopper is a board made to fit close to the

upper part of the cylinder, *b*, with holes in it, which are so arranged as to come directly over the cups. Each of these holes has a small sheet-iron slide to shut off the supply of seeds from the cylinder, *b*. The other carriage-wheel carries another wheel geared into a small pinion fixed to the cylinder, *a*, which is also set on the standards on the axle-tree, and is armed with numerous pegs or pins. The size of these several gear-wheels is so adjusted that the lowermost cylinder moves six times faster than the upper.

The operation of the parts is as follows:—The machine is first drawn to the place where it is to be used, by horses, and the hopper filled with seeds. The small sheet-iron slides are then withdrawn, and the whole set in motion. The seeds, in descending through the holes in the board above described, fall into the cups or holes in the cylinder, *b*, and, after being carried partly round, drop on the cylinder, *a*, which moves at a greater velocity than the cylinder, *b*, and by means of the small pins, become scattered after the manner of sowing broad-cast.

For spreading lime, plaster, guano, &c., the board in the bottom of the hopper is to be taken out, and the iron slide on the back of the hopper is to be so adjusted, vertically, by means of the screws, as to allow a sufficient quantity of plaster to escape from the hopper to the cylinders

below, and be scattered after the manner of the seeds. The machine may be followed by a harrow, roller, or any other implement used for covering seeds with earth, or for raking in lime, plaster, or guano.

Price of six feet cylinders, \$60. Ditto nine feet cylinders, \$70.

WM. J. JONES AND H. C. SMITH.

A Kiss for a Blow.

A visitor once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have withstood the expected blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the little sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women, families and communities, and nations, would act on this same principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nation would not lift up the sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more."—*Select.*

THE DEATH OF ZWINGLE.—But the death of one individual far surpassed all others. Zwingli was at the post of danger, the helmet on his head, the sword hanging at his side, the battle axe in his hand. Scarcely had the action begun when stooping to console a dying man, says J. J. Hottinger, a stone hurled by the vigorous arm of a Waldstetter struck him on the head and closed his lips. Yet

Zwingli arose, when two other blows, which struck him successively on the leg, threw him down again.

Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust from a lance; he staggers, and sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the church? Zwingli turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head that had been so bold, and gazing with calm eye on the trickling blood, exclaims, "What evil is this? they can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!" These were his last words.

He had scarcely uttered them ere he fell backward. There, under a tree, (Zwingli's pear tree), in a meadow, he remained lying on his back with clasped hands, and eyes upturned to heaven.

Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near the Reformer without recognizing him, "Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingli, without speaking—for he had not strength—made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," replied the soldiers, "at least think of the mother of God, and call upon the saints!" Zwingli again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of the city."

One of them, being curious to know who it was, stooped down and turned Zwingli's head in the direction of a fire that he had lighted near the spot. The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. "I think," he said, surprised and amazed, "I think it is Zwingli!" At this moment Captain Pochinger of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near; he had heard the last words of the soldier. "Zwingli!" he exclaimed, "that vile heretic Zwingli, that rascal, that traitor!" then raising his sword so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming in a violent passion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the Reformer gave up the ghost. He was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—*Select.*

INTERESTING RELIC.—There is still standing, in the town of Deerfield, the only dwelling house that escaped destruction, when the Indians and French ravaged that town, fired its buildings, and killed and led into captivity the greater part of its inhabitants, on the 12th of March, 1704. This and the meeting-house were alone unburnt on that dreadfully memorable day. The attack on the town was made 142 years ago, and this house, now standing, is supposed to have been then built over 20 years; consequently it is now over 160 years old. Nevertheless it remains in a good state of preservation, though, as might be expected, some of the rooms are not close enough to render them comfortably habitable during the winter season. The timbers all seem strong and sound. The building is of wood, of course; the walls lined with brick. The original clapboards still remain on the gable end of the house, and are well preserved.

The other parts of the house have been recovered since it was built. The front door exhibits the blows of the tomahawks of the attacking savages, and a large hole was cut through it, by these instruments, which is now covered by a patch. Bullet holes may also be seen in several places about the house, and in the rafters of the front rooms. One of the bullets may be seen and felt, imbedded an inch or two in the timber. The house is situated neatly in the rear of the present Unitarian church, on the main street of the village. It is a beautiful spot, and its beauty is hallowed by the remembrances of the bloody and frightful scenes once enacted on it. The place is now owned and occupied by Mr. Hoyt, who, we regretted to learn, while on a recent visit there, has serious intentions of pulling down the old house for the purpose of building one more modern and suitable for his wants.

We sincerely hope it may be spared; with decent care it may stand yet these many years, a monument of olden time, that will bring back to our minds, and to those of our children, with almost the strength of reality, the dangers and sufferings to which our fathers were exposed and subjected in their efforts to make this then wilderness blossom as a rose. Around and within its ancient walls, better than on any other spot, can

we recall, in a vivid remembrance, the savage scenes and bloody exploits of the tomahawk and scalping knife, which those days, when this house was in its prime, were the witness of. May not the feeling of veneration, still existing in the Connecticut valley, be called upon to aid in staying the destroying work, which the necessity of the owner of this interesting and valuable relic feels obliged to threaten?—*Springfield Republican*.

Combustion of the Willow Tree.

The fact of trees being subject to spontaneous combustion, is wonderful, though well attested, and forms another of those natural phenomena, which only can be explained by the scientific. We read in a late number of the Cambridge (England) Advertiser, that the banks of the Cam this season have exhibited an unusual number of these cases, occurring principally in growing willows. At one point on the river in particular, the process was seen going on thoroughly. "It was really astonishing," says the Advertiser, "to look upon a fine willow, in the full vigor of robust vegetable health, pouring forth clouds of smoke from its half burned stem, and doomed speedily to expire—its own funeral pile. How explain this? How account for the fact that this tree, yet hale and green, covered with a rich mass of foliage and flourishing 'like a green bay tree' on the river bank—should suddenly burst forth into ignition, burn like a tinder to its very core, and to-morrow be prostrate! There is no putrescence—we think there can be no fermentation in this process. If instances of spontaneous vegetable combustion thus frequently happen, why dispute the analogous case of spontaneous animal combustion? The tree which we observed last week, as stated above, is now prostrate—its every foliage charred a vegetable ruin—as if stripped, shattered, blasted, and half-consumed by the electric fluid.—*Worcester Spy*.

Mehemet Ali is now on a visit at Constantinople to the Sultan, and has been received with great cordiality and rejoicings. It must be very galling to the Divan to have to pay such court and attention to their rebellious and successful vassal.

POETRY.

"The Time is Short."

Short is the time of man below,
His time of weal and time of wo;
Few are the steps and brief the space
Allotted for his earthly race.

The time is short to follow gain,
The time experience to attain,
To buy and sell, to plough and reap,
To watch and toil, to rest and sleep.

One time is short; then judge aright,
And learn the lesson of its flight;
For in that time, and that alone,
Eternity is lost or won.

Nor think, though time be short, O man!
That life is measured by its span;
The patriarch still a child may die,
And full of years the infant lie.

Short is the time of sinners here
To riot in their mad career,
Short-lived the fool's ungodly mirth
As thorns that crackle on the hearth.

Christians! the time is short to prove
The work of labor and of love;
The talent which my Master gave
Brings no revenue in the grave.

The time is short to bear thy cross,
And scorn endure, and suffer loss;
The time of trial soon will close,
And soon the vaunting of thy foes.

Short is the time; the road of life
Too short for variance and for strife;
Shall pilgrim travellers of a day
Fall out and wrangle by the way?

Now to the earth, with dread import,
The voice proclaims that "Time is short!"
For when again it shakes the sky,
"Time is no more!" that voice will cry.

The Motherless.

Deal gently with the motherless,
Oh! ye who rule their homes;
Cast not a shadow on the brows
Of those deep stricken ones!

Speak gently to the motherless,
A sadden'd stream is stirr'd,
From the deep founts of memory,
With every unkind word.

There is a yearning in each heart
For the sweet strains of yore;
A longing for the mother's voice,
Which sounds for them no more

Be kind unto the motherless,
Beside thy hearth of glee,
Should there some little lone ones rest,
Give them thy sympathy.

Look, Parent, on thy own fair ones,
And think a mother's smile
Once shed a sunshine o'er the brow
Of every orphan child.

Think of the hand which rested
Once fondly on each head,
The eyes which gave back looks of love,
Now silent, cold and dead—

And give thee to those craving hearts
The little love they claim—
Be mothers to the motherless,
In heart as well as name!

SELECTED.

SEEDS.—Accounts from our Seeds are still encouraging. Not only many specimens of the graceful and palm-like *Ailanthus*, are now viewed with pleasure by thousands of our countrymen of taste, on the western prairies, and in other distant regions, to which we have sent them, but we learn that other species of plants are flourishing from our seeds, in places where they would probably have been unknown for years, but for the combined exertions of ourselves and our correspondents.

We now invite those who may wish to receive seeds the present season, to send us their subscriptions for our magazine, with the name of such plants as they wish for, (shade-trees, fruit-trees, grains, flowers, roots, &c.); and we will endeavor to make a gratifying return. Those who obtain new subscribers, may expect supplies in proportion. We solicit, at the same time, all information respecting the seeds they have planted, and contributions of such others, as they may have to spare.

MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT.—A few grains, (such as we shall send to some of our subscribers,) sown this autumn, may show, next year, specimens of that variety of grain most cultivated in Italy, and which has been preferred, by some experimentors in this country, to our own.

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